

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like

Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Cas. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Train.

Octa. Haile *Cesar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cesar*.
Cesar. That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.

Cas. Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Casars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*

Should haue an Army for an Vther, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by th' way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofs of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnshewne: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Cas. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract twene his Lust, and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cas. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Cesar. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodd'd him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphus* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comagear, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth)

Cas. Welcome hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we percei'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold vnbeuayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,
Onely th' adulterous *Anthony*, most large

In his abominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyes it against vs.

Octa. Is it so fit?

Cas. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deere'st Sister.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it it not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
we be therein perfon,

Eno. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meely lost:
the Mares would beare a Soldier and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appere there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,
That from Tarrentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,

Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To raunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Milites, Reapers, people
Ingroft by swift Impresse. In *Casars* Fleet,
Are those, that often haue gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-mark-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meely to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th' head of Action
Beate th' approaching *Cesar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*

Thy Businesse?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Cesar ha's taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius*,
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant, Cleo, & Eno.*

Soul. By Hercules I thinke I am i'th' right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Ven. *Marcus Octavianus, Marcus Iulius,*

Publicola, and *Celins*, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Casars*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome.

His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Towrus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times wit a Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some.

Enter Cesar with his Army, marching.

Cas. *Towrus*?
Tow. My Lord.

Cas. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaille
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Seroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In eye of *Casars* battaille, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *exit.*

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the
stage, and *Towrus* the Lieutenant of *Cesar* the other way:
After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.

Alarm. *Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantonias, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

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